

Daily Eagle

WILLIAM M. MURDOCK, Editor.

Is not the joint in politics?

Kilrain has been found guilty by the Mississippi authorities and will pay his fine and go to jail both. Sullivan will get exactly the same dose.

The Globe-Democrat predicts that Missouri has cast her last Democratic electoral vote. That's tally for the administration and a bid for some more offices for Missouri.

The New York Tribune expresses the conviction that it would be a pretty hard thing for the members of congress to lose their money through the dishonesty of Silcott. The Tribune need lose no sleep. The members will not lose it. The people will.

Julius Appleblossom, of New York, fears that negroes will perish of influenza by the thousands because—as he says—they cannot sneeze. But Julius is evidently an alien graft. No southern gentleman of African descent would agree to such a proposition; he nose better than that.

It has been alleged in extenuation of his persistency in refusing to sign an unanimous verdict in the Cronin case, that Junior Culver was insane. In proof of the allegation it is now stated that he might have saved something out of his financial wreckage some time ago by taking the benefit of the state bankrupt law, but refused to do so, although entreated by his friends. This action will go far towards confirming popular opinion as now constituted that the man was of unsound mind. But it doesn't convict him of dishonesty in either case.

Representative Crain's bill, calling for the appropriation of \$6,000,000 for a deep harbor on the Texas gulf coast, introduced a day or two before the holiday recess, is the first step toward that much desired end and it is hoped that it or some similar measure will be enacted at the earliest practicable moment so that work may be begun on the important undertaking without delay. This will afford some compensation for the disappointment the west will feel if the World's Fair be awarded to an eastern point, not that the amount of money employed directly upon the harbor work will equal that put into circulation by the fair enterprise, but that the benefits will be more far reaching and lasting and therefore more profitable of the two. But of right we should have both the gulf harbor and the World's Fair in the west.

THAT OLD CHESTNUT.

Wichita is not bigger than the state of Kansas, but Sedgwick county pays more taxes into the state treasury than any other county and receives not a cent of it back for the support of any public institution. In that sense we are bigger than the state, at least. One of the other big tax-paying counties have state institutions and get more back for the support of these institutions than they pay to the state. Hereafter when the snappers and snarlers of envy feel like getting off that old chestnut about Wichita being bigger than the state we hope they may think of this fact.

NEEDS WATCHING.

LEOTI, Kan., Dec. 23, 1899.  
Give us "Some More Rebellion," like the editorial in EAGLE of December 20th. It is a good change of diet from resubmission "racket."

Yours sincerely,  
A METHODIST PREACHER.  
We are astounded at the temerity of a preacher who would thus publicly evince a sympathy for such incendiary sentiments as were contained in that editorial, and in comparison with which our most vehement articles on resubmission were but lachrymose tartan. Resubmission is but an innocent, legal, and constitutional method of ascertaining the will of the people. We are afraid that our Methodist brother is "fit for treason and spits," but so long as he endorses one side of the EAGLE and doesn't initiate that Hutchinsonian preacher by failing to praying for us, he may be permitted to continue in his work; still, he will bear a little watching. To believe he is dangerous, to be unbelieving is equally so; the truth, therefore, should be diligently sought after, lest that a foolish opinion should lead you to pronounce an unsound judgment.

THAT BRAZILIAN REPUBLIC.

A new government which establishes at once a censorship of the press and of telegraphic dispatches, which appoints provincial governors without an appeal for the approval of the people governed; which begins its administration by selling to business concerns exclusive rights calculated to ruin their competitors, and which refuses to submit its actions to popular vote—whether such a government is a republic or not is a question which the United States, or one which should be treated with discreet circumspection, is a question which the senate seems to look upon as worthy of serious consideration. President Harrison probably overlooked some of these matters when in his message he went on to say that "our minister has been instructed to sustain cordial relations with the new government."

Senator Sherman, Senator Ingalls, Senator Evans and Senator Hawley united in protesting against precipitate recognition of the new government. Senator Hawley made the very clear objection that the revolutionists "have ignored the fundamental principle of a republic, the consent of the governed." Small minds are very likely to ignore this essential point. To certain well-meaning but unthinking men, a government is a republic worthy of our alliance as soon as it has driven hereditary rulers out of the country. Thoughtful students of history know that there may be tyrants who are not kings, and enemies of popular government who call themselves republicans.

The Same Here.

W. P. Hackney has published his much commented upon article in "Our State." We haven't had time to read it very carefully, but if it is not revised we are unable to see why it even a politician could object to its publication, much less the Republican ring at Topeka.

AMERICA'S COLUMBUS.

All the world is ringing with the praise of Stanley. The question is, where shall we place him? Is he a mere meteor, flashing along his track through the "dark continent" with a light soon to be extinguished and forgotten? Or is he the Columbus redivivus opening up to us, if not a new world, at least a world so old that mankind had come to ignore its very existence? We are inclined to the latter view. It seems to us that all things point to a future for Africa of vital interest and importance to every portion of the civilized world. England, France, Italy, Germany—even little Portugal—even colossal Russia—have fixed their eyes upon this hoary old continent that was an enigma to Herodotus and to Strabo and has remained a mystery to countless generations of men. And now, incited by the revelations of explorers, Europeans have come to look upon Africa as in some sort an inheritance, to one portion of which one nation has voted itself heir, while another has marked out for itself a slice from another portion of the map.

NO DANGER OF HAVING TOO MUCH.

Because corn is worth only 15 cents a bushel with only one-fifth of the state in cultivation, the St. Joe News concludes that if the cultivated area were increased to three-fifths the price of corn would be reduced proportionately, or to 5 cents a bushel. But such a conclusion could only be based upon the supposition that the increase of cultivated land and its product should be accomplished without a corresponding increase in population, which could not be. The "home market" idea unquestionably affords the solution for the present depressed condition of the market for home products, and this constitutes one of the strongest arguments in favor of the current immigration movement in this state. It costs too much to haul our supplies to the consumers east; let's bring the latter—as many of them as we can—out to the surplus, and if the army of producers is augmented thereby, the number of consumers who will come with the tide and engage in other industrial pursuits will increase the army of consumers in a corresponding and even greater ratio. There is no danger of overdoing either proposition.

THAT OHIO FIGHT.

That man Bookwalter is liable to make it hot for that fellow Brice who is claiming the Ohio senatorship. Brice has heaps of money, but Bookwalter has heaps and heaps, and as everybody seems to concede that the Ohio senatorial fight has been reduced to one of dollars and cents in the off years, Pocketbook Walter may come under the law a neck or so ahead. At the time of his nomination for governor of Ohio in 1881 there were excursion trains to the Columbus convention on two of the railroads, and everybody who wore a Bookwalter badge rode free. In the convention the galleries and aisles were packed with Bookwalter men. When the nominating speeches were made, the orator who presented Mr. Bookwalter had a way of ending each of his periods with the sentence: "And that man is John W. Bookwalter." Each time the name was mentioned the roof was raised. The hosts of boomers and "stilt-hunters" whom Mr. Bookwalter kept employed during the campaign, earned him the name of "Pocketbook Walter." Nevertheless Mr. Bookwalter is a man of brains, who would strengthen his party in the senate as much as any man who has been named.

AN EARLY SHOW OF HAND.

The reported raising of the storage rates after the first of January at the grain elevators that have recently passed into the hands of English syndicates seem to cause some alarm on the grain markets lest it should have the effect to further depress the prices of grain. Such action may be taken for an excuse by the grain gamblers to thus squeeze the market, but it can have that effect, if at all, only for a comparatively short time. The elevator property purchased by English capitalists was understood to be good paying investments at the rate of charges maintained at that time, and if they undertake to increase the profits it will undoubtedly have the effect of calling the American capital that has just been liberated by the said purchase back into new elevators, and the competition thus increased in the elevators cannot fail to bring the rates of storage down again to present figures, if not lower. Competition in any line of business depends largely upon the extent of profit there is in it, and the greedy Englishers will find that they cannot obtain control of an important interest in this country and maintain it as a monopoly to the public injury. So that the apprehended harm to the grain interests from the proposed coup mentioned can only be temporary at most.

FIRE DAMP IN THE STOMACH.

The strange case of William Jackson, whose breath was inflammable, excited a great deal of interest in medical and scientific circles two years ago, says a letter to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. At that time Mr. Jackson was a photographer in Fayetteville, N. Y. More recently he has been engaged in the same business at Middlebury, Vt. One evening at 10 o'clock he lighted a lamp with a match. Then with a breath of air, sought to "blow out the match." Instantly his breath took fire with a slight explosion. Jackson gasped with fright, and the flame of the combustible air entered his mouth and blistered his tongue. His lips and face suffered, and his mustache, eyebrows, and the hair above his eyebrows were singed to a marked degree. The man was at first badly frightened, and his wife, who was a witness of the occurrence, screamed with alarm.

This may seem incredible, so much so as to be set down by the average reader as a freak of the imagination of the one that wrote the statement. But Jackson's case is not the only one of the sort, as it was certainly not the first one. Several years ago, probably as far back as the sixties, a citizen of western Kentucky who was a hard drinker, essayed to blow out a candle and his breath ignited and came near proving fatal to him. The incident and narrow escape caused a complete reformation in the man's habits, and he became judge of a district court and afterwards represented the district in the congress of the United States for two terms. He died two years ago.

JOY.

We receive but what we give.  
And in our life alone do nature live.  
Ours is the world, ours is the shore;  
And would we aught beyond in higher world  
Than that infinite cold and anxious crowd?  
To the poor lovers ever anxious crowd?  
All from the soul itself must issue forth  
Light, a glory, fair, but dimly shrouded  
Enveloping the earth.  
Joy, a sweet, sweet thing, there must be sent  
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,  
All sweet and potent, of its own birth,  
Which wondrous nature gives to us in dower  
Of purest heart. There need not ask of me  
What this strong music in the soul may be.  
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,  
This beautiful and beauty making power,  
Joy, virtuous lady, joy that never was given,  
Save to the pure and in their purest hour.  
Joy, and life, and dower, and grace and shower,  
Joy, lady, in the spirit and the power  
Which wondrous nature gives to us in dower  
A new earth and new heaven,  
Joy, general joy, joy that is dower  
Joy is the sweet voice, joy the luminous cloud—  
We in our joy rejoice!  
And hence flow all the charms or ear or sight,  
All melodies the echoes of that voice,  
All colors a reflection from that light.

—Coleridge.

A READER OF THE EAGLE IN A BAD WAY.

To the Editor of the Eagle.  
"Many a time and oft" we have endeavored to convince ourselves that a generation of prohibition would be better for a state than high license, or free whisky. We resolved to bury our worldly cravings and stand by the amendment. The flesh is weak, the temptation to be free from debt is strong. The treasurer's office shows a tax balance for the year 1889 on the debit side of \$913 against us. We must earn \$76 per month for the year 1889 for tax. We have not the money. There are pavements to be paid for and we are in on this, without solicitation, and by the way, there is a curb and gutter levy.

We are the abject and humiliated possessor of some empty buildings. We want some income. We must pay our debts. We believe that a generation of prohibition is a most excellent arrangement for an old state, for a state free from debt, but the sewer tax and the state tax, the county tax, the railroad bond tax, school tax, "factory" tax, and the curbs, gutter and permanent tax, and our debt in the treasurer's office have smothered our high-born resolutions, and we are now in favor of any measure that will rent buildings, move real estate and boom Kansas again.

If we were out of debt we would not care a straw about the law, but we ain't out of debt. If we could sell some property we would be indifferent to the law, but we cannot sell anything.

We called on the county treasurer and when our interior commenced we were fairly well satisfied with the world, the existing state of affairs. In the course of our conversation we learned that we were almost a pauper. We obtained a probable estimate on the cost of our "bill" and the treasurer told us that we were almost a pauper. We ascertained that Sedgwick county was the banner county in Kansas on state taxes and that we never got a cent direct benefit from state appropriations. We became a convert by the instantaneous process of the "instantaneous" scheme, and left the treasurer's office wondering how on earth we could pay taxes, interest, and live another year and contribute anything toward a brass-mounted, bronze-finished "Coffin." We have often indulged in the thought as to the kind of coffin we would have, but the article furnished won't leave anything for the widow and children. We intend to get out of debt, and intend to assist in the representation of mankind after we are out of debt. At present we are pessimistic, and the general run of conversation and the result of the election, have brought us to the conclusion that resubmission will bring about a better condition of things financially, whether it does in morals or not.

We have no time to theorize. We have to pay \$913 interest, taxes this year, pay interest, renew loans, make rates and mortgages and support our family. We shall cancel our subscriptions to all prohibition organs, renew the EAGLE, and work for anything that will relieve the pressure on us, and when we get out of debt we will evangelize the earth. We are suffering from stagnation, depression. We don't know whether resubmission will help us out or not, but the last two and one-half years have been awful, diabolical, oppressive, burdensome, onerous, abominable, detestable, criminal, execrable and infernal, and we are not to blame. We have worked earnestly, lived economically, and we are worse off than if we had sunk under the burden on the start. Can any condition that fate has in store be worse than the present condition of affairs?

Who can answer where any plan leads to? Who shall be believed that asserts that we can worst our present condition all over the entire state? Stagnation permeates the entire state, even the closest of the holy cities of Topeka, and yet crops are abundant. From whence cometh this universal despairing cry, that goes from the lips of strong men as each day closes on sinking values and swelling debt.

From the Nebraska line to the wild "Indian" region on the south, from the Missouri border to the snow-capped mountains of the Silver Queen on the west there is a moaning cry, an universal heart-felt sigh, a piteous groan: all chanting stagnation and business depression.

We recognize an evil. We would fathom the cause. If it is prohibition we must get rid of it. If resubmission is the remedy, whether taken in a laudable dose, as the old way of taking quinine, or taken in a constitutional-convention capsule so as to avoid the nasty taste, we want it. We want to change our secular, worldly, financial condition, from bad to good; from depression to a modicum of prosperity. We are too closely related to "the world of the flesh and the devil" to aspire to being reformer in rags, a philanthropist with a sherriff for our general agent, or to dispose of our land. We observe that many prohibitionists are "in fair round belly with good capon lined," and that their income pays debts, interest and taxes. If we were out of debt we would reform the earth, but we cannot not patronize give ear to any scheme that does not promise speedy relief from deep-seated, epidemic contagious "hard-up-ness." We are convinced that freedom from debt is the best specific medicine Kansas can take, and we care not who is the doctor.

The worthlessness of everything directly or indirectly produced from land, the failure to sell farm land at any figure, the quasi insolvent condition of railroads and the inability of men who have watched large crops and got them ready for market to pay interest, to say nothing of principal, the empty homes and business houses, all taken together look as though a concatenation of unfortunate circumstances had resolved on pulverizing the "Kanran." We assert that.

Go where you may or will, You feel the same depression still. The anxious eye, the care-worn faces, The haunted look of busy business places, See the values sinking, daily with the sun, Unless relief be furnished our sands of life shall run.  
Faster and lower see the values go. As a mighty river melts the falling snow. Business men say that prohibition is the cause; that resubmission is the remedy. We have considered the value experience inclines me to the belief that the farmer's assertion was not far from right. A.

is worth more than all philosophical disquisitions of all the non-business theories on earth.

The business man can see, the theorist supposes. One deals with live, human, common clay; the other has an imaginary man in his mind and would mould all men to it. One accepts the man as he turned him out; the other is re-forming him, if he has to kill him to do it. One believes in man as he is; the other as he should be.

We are for the opinion of the business men as to what is best as against all theorists. Practical things wash, theories do some times, not always. We want to get out of debt, and the general sentiment is that "high license" is the most speedy and practicable road.

We have tried prohibition nine years and have no reason to believe that it in any wise tended to advance our worldly prosperity, nor do we know that it did not. If resubmission lifts us out of the present swamp of increasing difficulties we shall believe in it, if it don't we can go back to prohibition.

We freely confess and frankly own that if the same degree of prosperity will flow from the one, as the other, we are in favor of prohibition, but our condition at present demands a change and any change must be better instead of worse, we are for a change—change in anything.

Depression hath murdered, Sleep! We would sleep once more.

We want business to improve, then we can sleep said;

"Infected minds To their deep swallows will discharge their secrets."

The people of Kansas can verify this quotation in the last year.

If resubmission can assuage the griefs of the last year, then come resubmission. We need something.

What is it? The people, the business interests, seem to tend toward the elimination of the ecclesiastical elements from common politics. It does not seem to have bettered the political horizon, and has devalued some of the ecclesiastical elements from a high position to a plane that is on a level with "pot house politicians" and the admixture of hypocrisy with practical political methods has sickened the business element of Kansas and it has vomited and the general tone of business seems better.

FLUCTUATIONS OF 1891-5.

The fluctuations in the current value of the nation's "promises to pay" as effected by the ebbing and flowing of the tide of war from 1861 to 1865 is shown by the following statistical statement which the National Tribune uses as an argument to prove the claims of the soldiers of the war for generous consideration at the hands of congress in the matter of pension legislation:

The fluctuations of the greenback dollar after the disasters at Bull Run and Ball's Bluff, when it sank to 97 cents in gold. The glorious victory at Fort Donelson, and the repulse of the rebel army on the sanguinary field of Shiloh, sent it up to 98.5 cents. The reverses on the Peninsula, and the capture of Bull Run sent it down to 84.4. In spite of the modified successes at Antietam and Perryville, it sank in October to 77.8. The bloody defeat at Fredericksburg tumbled it down to 62.3. It arose again with the victory at Stone River, and as we made ready to overwhelm the rebel army at Chancellorsville, so that it reached 67.2 cents before the battle was fought. Vicksburg and Gettysburg sent it up to 79.5, but Chickamauga and the futile operations around Mine Run depressed it to 66.3, in spite of the victories at Chattanooga and Knoxville. It steadily fell during the long winter of inaction, and when Grant and Sherman began their campaigns, May 3rd, 1864, it was worth but 56.7 cents. The bloody but apparently indecisive fighting of that summer steadily tumbled it down until it reached its lowest point—38.7 cents—in July, when Hunter had been driven out of the Shenandoah valley. Early had menaced Washington, and it seemed that Grant had been brought to standstill before Richmond, just short of the city before Atlanta. The capture of the latter place sent it up to 48.3 cents; that is, the value of every paper dollar and every bond was increased fully 25 per cent by that victory. The money lenders were made richer by it than the entire nation, which has since been paid out for pensions. The year 1865 opened with the greenback worth 46.3, but Sherman's march to the sea sent it up to 57.5, and the surrender of Lee and Johnston boomed it to 73.7.

IS FRUIT-RAISING PROFITABLE?

This question is frequently asked, but not easily answered. Many jump to the conclusion, from perhaps a single fact, that fruit-growing must be very profitable, and so go into it themselves, or advise others to do so. There are many things to be considered in answering the question as to fruit-growing. In some localities it may be fairly remunerative, while in others not worthily of attention. It takes a long time to bring a pear or apple orchard into good bearing condition, even if all the conditions are favorable. We have found, after a long experience, that pear growing, with average success in raising fruit, is not better than raising corn at 6 per cent interest. Apple growing is no better, if as good. We speak of average results. Of course there are exceptional cases where growing such fruits shows larger profits. The raising of peaches and plums in the eastern states has not been profitable of late years, while in some of the middle and other states it may have been so.

The small fruits show better results as a rule. There are those who make the growing of small fruits a profitable business, and there are good reasons why they may. We are constrained to admit that fruit-growing on the average is more profitable than general farming, but in this, as in every other branch of business, it must be conducted systematically. The time has gone by when the grower of inferior fruit can be sent to market in a haphazard way and pay even the cost of production. The question with which we started can be answered yes by many, and no by many, and will continue to be so answered as long as time lasts. Some men cannot make fruit-growing or anything else profitable, while exactly the opposite is true with others.—The Congregationalist.

Another view.  
"A good fruit tree is worth fifty dollars," we heard an old farmer say recently. If this is true, an orchard of 500—less, of course, the original value of that individual acre. While it might be difficult to find a purchaser who would not pay \$500 for a good tree, my experience inclines me to the belief that the farmer's assertion was not far from right. A.

money yield of three dollars per annum from each tree would give 6 per cent upon this capitalized value. It is a poor tree that will not average this, even allowing for off years, and off years are not so frequent as to alternate regularly with the bearing ones. A healthy tree, properly cared for, will give a crop of fruit, out of three that it will give for harvesting. Occasionally a tree will give a crop that will pay the interest for many years in one.

An Early Richmond cherry tree paid me last year \$8, besides the fruit used at home, which was sufficient to pay the entire cost of gathering. From a sweet cherry tree this year I sold three and one-half bushels at \$2 per bushel.

Two Chickasaw plum trees, growing so close together that their branches intertwine as if they were one tree, the first, frequently pay \$10 in a season, which would be at a rate of over \$800 per acre. A pear tree near by yields ten bushels in a good season, and \$1 per bushel is not an unusual price. Three early apple trees this season gave over fifty bushels, which sold at from \$9 to \$1.20 a bushel. The trees were so very full that I had to commence picking while yet very green, to save the limbs from breaking. Yet the same trees last year gave a crop that paid more than 6 per cent upon a value of \$50 each.—American Agriculturist.

SOIL OF THE SOUTHWEST.

From the Cincinnati Echo.

The soil of the uplands, which forms nearly nine-tenths of the area of southwestern Kansas country, is a sandy loam, rich in silicates and phosphates, quick, warm and friable. There is no easier soil to cultivate on the American continent. The bottom, or river lands, vary in width, forming a strip principally on the north bank of the Arkansas river. Here the soil is of a somewhat lighter character, rich in alluvial deposits, and of phenomenal fertility. The depth of the soil on the uplands is from eighteen inches to four feet, and in the valleys from two to six feet. Underlying the whole of this portion of the state is a sub-soil of porous clay, which readily drains the surface soil of surplus water and holds it in reserve for future use; a provision of nature having much to do with the prolific growth of vegetable life in southwestern Kansas. The secretary of the Kansas state board of agriculture says in his biennial report: "The debatable ground of ten years ago is now producing crops that have placed Kansas states of the union, and the soil that ten years ago was believed to be the satisfaction of many to be unfit for diversified farming, is now producing average yields that largely exceed the yields of any other portion of the country."

This marvelous country is yet but in the infancy of its development. The people who own and till its broad acres are hardly conscious of the immense treasure-house of which their holdings are apart, and they do not yet realize that greater tidings await them, and theirs, than was ever dreamed of in the philosophy of their every day lives.

EXCHANGE SHOTS.

Well, We Shall See.

From the Kansas City Star.  
General Rice has acted so decently about Mr. Leland's appointment that the Kansas delegation will probably conclude that he is the kind of a man whom they can afford to keep on sight.

From the Arkansas City Dispatch.

Major Martin, the Texas congressman, who, it is alleged, was so green as to blow out the gas, is now poking fun at the congressmen who were so verdant as to allow Silcott to run off with a portion of their salaries.

A Sermon in Concrete.

Sol Miller in Kansas Chief.  
True religion does not consist in making oneself hideous with uncleanly dress. If a woman is handsome, there is no religion in destroying her looks by dressing like a rag-woman. Neat and pretty dress, without unnecessary extravagance, is a part of religion. Even a sore toe looks better when wrapped neatly with a clean rag.

About the Size of It.

From the Troy Chief.  
Senators Allison and Wilson, of Iowa, voted against the confirmation of Judge Brewer, because of his brewery decision. Of course, it is not known what was said in the executive session, but it was a fine opening for Ingalls to go for the two senators, claiming that they had no right to vote, as they did not represent the people of Iowa, who had just downed prohibition.

If and If.

From the Atchison Patriot.  
D. R. Anthony, talking through the Leavenworth Times, says: "As men grow old they become feeble, both in limb and intellect. They are apt to fall behind, to become conservative. They do not take the natural places in the Democratic party." If that was so, Anthony's place would certainly be in the Democratic party. He further says: "The musty Democratic shelves are the proper receptacles for antiquities." If that is so, wouldn't Anthony be on the top shelf?

By the Skin of His Teeth.

From the Arkansas City Traveler.  
Captain J. T. Cooper, of Winfield, will tell the truth though the heavens fall or he should lose an interest in Guthrie city. He was called to that place last week to testify in a contest case, and he swore that he was on the East Guthrie town site five minutes after 12 o'clock, April 22. The captain did not attempt to explain how he got there, the twenty-two miles from the line of Oklahoma territory in five minutes. Perhaps he drove the yoke of oxen that beat Sol Burkholder's race horse.

Has the Opportunity.

From the Lawrence Journal.  
If every a congress faced people who demand action that congress is the Fifty-first. Republicanism is at stake. With a Democratic executive and a Republican legislative department, or vice versa, there is some excuse—not in principle, but because of our unfortunate political system—for inaction, but with the president, the senate and the house of one political party, and that the party on which this country's progress and prosperity depends, there must be something, match, done.

Please Pass the Butter.

From the Burlington Free Press.  
A Burlington pastor was completely taken off his base the other day and had all he could do to maintain his dignity. He was dining at the house of one of his parishioners, and during the meal the little daughter of the house washed her butter plate replenished. Seeing the butter was near the minister she said, timidly: "Mr.—, when you please pass the butter?" And then, as if realizing that something more was necessary in his case, added, reverently, "For Jesus sake."

A Dangerous Animal.

"You have a new animal in this country that is unknown to us," said a delegate to the Pan-American convention. "What is that?" asked a secretary. "The new kind of newspaper reporter," replied the man from South America.—Texas Siftings.

WMAS PRESENTS  
for the Masses at the  
"WHITE HOUSE"  
—OF—  
INNES & ROSS.

Our KRIS KINGLE Counters are filled with a choice selection of practical and useful Holiday Goods. The great merit of our unprecedented and magnificent display is Economy to the Purchaser. Good, Honest Goods at a Low Price.

We have them. The store is full of them. You will find just the article you want at the White House. Seek no farther. Children's Christmas Books and Cards at lower prices than elsewhere. Japanese goods, Novelties and Eric a Brau.

A SENSIBLE PRESENT.

We will say to our gentlemen friends that we will offer a Few Only of Ladies French Novelty Patterns at \$10.00 each, worth from \$15 to \$18. The \$10 lot we advertised are all gone and we make a special reduction on this lot to close these suits out. You will get a bargain. Call for China Silks, Satin Ribbons and Ornaments for fancy work. Sale of Ladies Handkerchiefs at taking prices. 3 for 10c; 2 for 10c; 3 for 25c up to 45c.

BEAUTIFUL FANS FOR GIFTS.  
Presents for Gentlemen.

This Department is simply immense. Gent's Neckwear of every description. Scarfs, Bows, Four-in-hand Bows, etc. A magnificent lot of Handkerchiefs, Mufflers and Hosiery. Gent's Silk half-hose and Oxyx Black. Fine knit wool Underwear.

CLOAKS AND WRAPS MUST GO.  
Plush Sacques at a Sacrifice.

\$35 Sacques for \$17. Better Goods at the same discount. One lot of Children's Cloaks at \$1.45; regular price \$4 to \$6.

Buy a Beautiful Silk Umbrella at \$1.75

The White House Confectionery Department is a blooming success. French Candies and Bon Bons, every hour during the Holidays. Delicious French fruits Confectionery by the box a specialty. No stranger should leave the city without a box of the White House Candy.

A Christmas Stocking can not be a Success  
Without a box of White House Candy.

INNES & ROSS,  
116 to 120 Main Street.

FURNITURE!  
CLOSING OUT AT COST.

This is no sham but a Genuine Closing Out Sale at Actual Cost.

ENO, the Furniture Man,  
106 West Douglas Avenue.

Life of an Aristocratic Dog.  
"Not a great deal is being said at present about the cross over pet dogs," said a well-known physician of this city to a reporter. "But as a matter of fact I think the tendency to rear these pets in the most luxurious style has not at all decreased. The attention these little long haired canines get would be bewildering to many poor children. Mrs. Senator Palmer, as an instance, not a great while ago had a sick pet whose name was Zip. It was discovered that the dog had a toothache, and a dentist, a homeopathic physician, and the agent for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals of this city were summoned. Eiker was administered, the little fellow was held on a warmed pillow, attended by his nurse, a beam girl of twenty years, and the toothache tooth was extracted. When the dog was in his convalescent stage and needed exercise, and as there was some danger of having him catch a cold, a fashionable shoemaker on Pennsylvania avenue was engaged to make a pair of boots for him, which was accordingly done, in that Zip, booted and covered with a dandy fur lined blanket, took his 'constitutional' daily in company with the nurse. How was that for an aristocratic dog?"—Washington Post.

Born That Way.  
"Single or otherwise?" asked the census taker.  
"Both."  
"Oh, come now, maiden you can't be both."  
"Yes, I can. It's a twin.—New York Sun.

How Was Found Out.  
Mr. Deley Goldfish: There's something about you that I like, Miss Bory. Miss Bory: Is it my bank account?—Epoch.

DR. PRICE'S  
CREAM'S  
BAKING POWDER  
MOST PERFECT MADE.  
NEW YORK'S GREAT CHEMIST.

This is to certify that I have analyzed Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. I find it composed of pure materials, compounded on correct scientific principles. The ingredients are accurately and scientifically proportioned. Hence, bread or biscuits prepared with it are better suited for digestion. R. OGDEN DORRIS, M. D., LL. B. President of the New York State Board of Health, and of the New York State Medical Society, and of the City of New York.